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OUT OF HARNESS.

LONDON:

J. J. GUILLAUME, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, CHESTER SQUARE.

To Mrs Hawkes from
her affectionate nephew
The Author.

OUT OF HARNESS.

BY

SIR WILLIAM A' BECKETT,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF VICTORIA.

LONDON :

J. J. GUILLAUME, CHESTER SQUARE.

1854.

OUT OF HARNESS.

A TOURIST'S DIARY often proves a wearisome task, not only to himself, but, if he is lucky enough to get any, to his readers also. For this reason I purposely omitted keeping any record, whilst *en route*, of my recent itinerations; and I would recommend all who can trust to observation and memory to follow my example. A glance at many things is sufficient, whilst all that is really deserving of recollection will probably obtain it without constant recourse to the pencil or pen. Moreover, there is a responsibility and restraint in wandering about, ink-horn and notebook in hand, from which I would fain be free. Nature and Art have been created for sublimer ends than merely to sit for their portraits, even if all had the power to take them. I have not; but I can feel

what I see, and something of my impressions I have endeavoured here to record. So much by way of preface, and now for some account of my tour.

Disgusted with the so-called summer of England during the months of June and July last, I left London about the middle of August, determined to enjoy myself, if the weather would permit me, in a three months' ramble whithersoever my fancy might take me, keeping always pretty briskly on the move. I had but recently arrived from Australia on a limited leave of absence ; and, as my native land had welcomed my return with about six days' tears to one day's smiles during the two months I had passed there, I thought I would try whether I might not meet with a more agreeable reception on the other side of the Channel. I was not insensible to the feeling in which the bard of Erin, in reference to that particularly rainy "gem of the sea," affectionately ejaculates

"More dear in thy sorrows, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours ;"

but, though proud enough, I trust, of my country, I was not disposed just now to address the white cliffs

of Albion in a strain precisely similar to the above. On the contrary, I made up my mind to say good-by to the aforesaid cliffs as speedily as possible, with the express intention of discovering whether other parts of "the rest of the world" would afford me a gleam of those "sunniest hours" at which the patriotic minstrel turned up his nose in comparison with the "gloom and the showers" of his own dear Emerald Isle.

I was accompanied by a wife and family, who had never before been on the Continent—human beings who could help themselves, and me too (for I am somewhat of a valetudinarian) without the aid of courier, footman, or valet-de-place. Away, then, we were all whisked to Folkestone by one of those peculiar trains which occupy nearly as much time in performing the last half mile of the journey, as has been consumed in accomplishing the whole of the former part. I may as well say here, that I hate railway travelling, and am selfish enough to wish it had never been invented. My reasons for this barbarous anti-utilitarian sentiment will sufficiently appear in the course of these pages.

Folkestone to Boulogne, whence, per Diligence,

to Calais, and thence, per railway to Lille, brings us on well in our route Rhinewards. From Lille we are projected to Brussels, where we arrive in the midst of preparations for an illumination in honour of the marriage of the Duke of Brabant. The ceremony had only just finished, and Brussels was swarming with about three times the number of its ordinary population, all parading the streets in holiday costume, and with holiday faces. "Have you not written to secure beds?" said an old hand, as we reached Brussels. "I am afraid, then, you will get none; good morning!" Nonsense! thought I; but it was no nonsense. Up and down—here and there—for one dreary hour and a half were we trailed through the town in the railway omnibus before possibility of lodgment, at any place, under any circumstances, appeared. As the ponderous machine carried us about, stopping every minute at the doors into which we were *not* to enter, I felt we were becoming a sort of show, and a sense of humiliation began to come over me at the idea of our forlorn position. We were clearly *the rejected ones of Brussels*, and were wandering about houseless and homeless in the

midst of its comforts and festivities. We could not scream out to the gaping spectators that we had money to pay for a lodging if we could get one; that we would get out of the place if we could; that we wouldn't have come at all had we known, &c. &c. *Here we were*—here, only to be in everybody's way,—a laughing-stock to others, and a burden to ourselves. At length, after being rejected at every other decent hotel in the city, we were accommodated at one with an attic which took the wind out of us to get up to, and made us giddy to look down from. Double prices added to the interest of our position, and determined us on a departure by first train the following morning. Meantime, we endeavoured to find what amusement we were capable of enjoying by a drive through the streets at night, which, in honour of the Duke's marriage, were brilliantly illuminated. All the world was abroad, and as we were no longer houseless wanderers, we had no objection to be abroad too. We soon wearied of the monotonous glare, and were glad to sink to repose, if that can be called *sinking* which was accomplished by an ascent of some two or three hundred steps. By the way, an

illumination abroad is somewhat different from an illumination at home. The staple of the Brussels display was a species of Chinese lantern; there were very few coloured lamps, no gas, one or two transparencies, and a great many rows of flaring oil wicks in the window-sills and balconies, which emitted no very agreeable odour to those above, and dropped in rather damaging instalments on those below.

I should state here that we were to have been joined at Brussels by some relations, who were to accompany us to the Rhine. Of course they would not find us at the hotel agreed upon for our meeting, but as we had left them a letter to tell them of our whereabouts, we wondered to have heard nothing of them. A hope arose within us that they might not arrive at all, for a "lodging upon the cold ground" appeared to us the only lodging they would obtain; and however appropriate this style of apartment may be for love-crazed young maidens, it is not exactly the thing for railway travellers. Luckily, our friends were not exposed to the risk; for, by a mistake into which we had ourselves nearly fallen at Muscrou, they were, in the process of changing trains at that

place, whisked back again to Lille, instead of being forwarded on to Brussels. They discovered their error almost instantaneously ; but the train was off. We laughed at the thing afterwards, but it is really no joke, when one is all hurry to get on, to be taken aback in this way. The fault lies with the way in which the authorities manage, or rather mismanage, things at Muscrou. It is the frontier town of Belgium, and you have, in consequence, to submit to an inspection of luggage and passports ; for which purpose you are, on leaving the train from Lille, shown in at one door, and out at the other, of a large building, where the inspection takes place. On issuing from this, nothing is seen of any train, nor of any one to give you any information about it. At length, nearly a quarter of a mile off, it is perceptible ; and, being reached, you get in, of course, unless told otherwise, to the train you have left. The result is such as happened to our friends, who reached Brussels after we had left, and necessitated our stopping for them at Liège, whence we all together proceeded by railway to Cologne.

It is ridiculous to talk of having seen the country

and towns through which one passes in a railway carriage. One can see nothing of either. As to the towns, you do not in fact go *through* them, it is literally *by* them; and yet this brief *skirtation* upon the edge of a town, of which not a single inhabitant, and scarcely a single house is visible, we call having been *at* it. I have caught myself saying I have been at Ghent—at Aix-la-Chapelle, when my whole acquaintance with them was obtained in the manner I have just described. Now in the good old times of the whip-cracking postilions, and street-thundering diligences, you did actually achieve an eye-conquest of a town they professed to pass through. You generally went through the heart of it, through the principal street, where the people came out to look at you, and you had an opportunity of looking at the people; and if you stopped to breakfast or dinner, for which an hour used to be allowed, you had an opportunity not only of making a meal, but of taking a leisurely glance at the town, perhaps of going over the Cathedral and the Town Hall. You could say then that you had been *at* such and such a place, without feeling that you were imposing upon yourself

or your audience ; but on the strength of a railway transit it is sheer delusion to suppose anything of the sort.

As regards the country, there is more excuse for our talking about that than the towns. The eye does, here and there, contrive to get sight of an expanse which may be surveyed as a whole before half of its parts have disappeared under the inspection. Still there is a pea-shooting swiftness about our own motion which forbids all calm or rational enjoyment of the view. There is a sense of *hurry*, which is a foe to all reflection, and to all imagination. Little inspiration from nature would painter or poet be able to draw if they were to behold her only from the window of a railway carriage. Ruskin in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" observes that "where *rest* is forbidden, so is beauty." He is right; *Repose* is an essential condition of the beautiful, however it may be dispensed with by the sublime. And it is equally necessary to a perception, or rather I should say to a *reception*, of the beautiful, that the mind on which it is to act, should be in a state of repose also. This it cannot be with the body in a

rapid whirl, any more than it could reflect calmly in a high wind, or amid the roar of cannon, even if sensible of no inconvenience from the one, or danger from the other. Why, it is impossible even to *taste*, properly—at least as a Kitchener or a Soyer would *have* you taste—if you eat in a noise. I am no epicure, but I do nevertheless avow that I never wholly relish the taste of any particularly toothsome edible or drinkable without some degree of thought—and one can't think in a row. Little is it I know about wine ; but if a friend *will* insist upon my opinion of his new purchase of port or claret, he must hold his tongue whilst I taste it,—he must give me leave to *reflect* before I answer him.

Now the object of all that I have been just saying, is to account for the confession that I have really nothing to tell of the country or places we saw between Brussels and Cologne. I could see that after we passed Liège, there were glimpses of lovely scenery, which continued more or less all the way ; but as to drinking in—to *mentally tasting*—any of its beauties, the iron horse which bore me along took care I should not do that.

What is to be seen at Cologne may be learnt from Murray's Handbook ; I did not see it, but hastened on to Bonn, a prettier and cleaner town. Here we stopped for a day, during which we made an excursion to Godesberg, a ruined castle on a hill about five miles from Bonn, and from which a very picturesque and extensive view of the Rhine and the country through which it flows, may be obtained. Next morning we embarked on the Rhine, and proceeded down it as far as Castel (opposite to Mayence) sleeping on the way at Coblenz, and Bingen. I am ashamed to say that I was not so impressed with the beauty of the scenery, as I had expected. To be candid, I think the Rhine is overrated. After some twenty miles or so have been passed, a monotony begins to be felt, which you only do not admit at the moment, because you have taken your passage for nearly the whole way down ; and, moreover, you don't like to confess—even to yourself,—that you are disappointed. You find, however, that your fellow passengers as well as yourself, are in no hurry to rush up stairs from dinner, and *are* in a great hurry to rush down stairs *to* it. Murray points out some spots

that I observed everybody to be reading about before they reached them, but very few looking at when they came in sight of them; and certainly no one sacrificed even his cheese to his enthusiasm for the beautiful, amid the company with whom I had the honour to dine on board the good steamer, (by-the-bye it was a very bad one), Prinz von Preussen. Perhaps we were a little out of humour with the weather, for just as we had seated ourselves to dine upon deck, out of compliment to the charms we were so desirous to enjoy, up came the wind and down came the rain, and sent us all below, with better appetite than temper.

At Bingen we took a drive to Krusenach, where people go to improve their health by keeping good hours, and drinking nasty water. The baths are said to have sufficient iron in them to impart fresh tone to the nervous system; and what with one o'clock dinners, early rising, and pleasant society, it is highly probable that valetudinarians of a certain class may find a sojourn there both agreeable and beneficial.

On landing at Castel, our intention was to proceed forthwith to Frankfort by railway; but the steamer

was so much beyond its appointed time that we were obliged to see the train go without us. I may observe here that the steamers on the Rhine never do keep their time, and no one, therefore, should make any arrangement on the faith of their regularity. We had to remain four hours at Castel, doing nothing, but being most impotently indignant; and, as we vented our wrath *vivâ voce* in English, looking, I have no doubt, supremely ridiculous.

We got to Frankfort at about seven o'clock in the evening, when our patience was again tried by finding that all the hotels were full—not a bed to be had even for one—and the burden of our song was “we are seven.” One maitre d'hôtel offered to give us up his own room if we could all sleep there together, observing that he would put up one or two curtains “pour conserver la morale.” I am afraid gratitude was not the feeling with which we listened to this proposition of our *conservative* friend, but we declined to accept it, and posted off with what haste we could to secure places by the train to Darmstadt, where, fortunately, we found no difficulty in being housed. Next morning we started for Basle, a distance of

one hundred and fifty-six miles, occupying nine hours by rail, and no stopping at any of the stations for refreshment. The railway stops short of Basle by about six miles, so that it was near eight in the evening before we got into the town. Here again we were doomed to undergo the mortification of going from house to house before we could gain admission for the night. The *Trois Couronnes*, that everybody goes to, had not room for everybody—at least not for us,—and, as a great favour, we were kindly allowed to enter the jaws of the Stork (*Cigogne*). Perhaps the reader thinks that the number of our party was the cause of our rejection? Not so; single individuals and couples had been turned away from the same hotels. We had simply come at a time when a concurrence of causes had made the hotels unusually full. This nightly struggle for a bed, however, was becoming so disgusting that I began seriously to think of giving up further progress in my intended tour, and making direct for the less romantic but more hospitable localities of my own country—for Greenwich if need be; anywhere, in short, where I could get a bed.

Albert Smith tells us that not much is to be seen at Basle, and he is right. One thing I congratulated myself on here; our railway career was, for the present, at an end. Now, thought I, we shall really have an opportunity of enjoying the country we pass through. People may abuse it as they will, but I confess I like nothing better, when one is not tied to time, than the jog-trot progress of voiture travelling. The pace is so leisurely that it offers all the advantages of a pedestrian tour to those who can walk. Unfortunately, I can't; but my family could, and frequently did. Seven is about the maximum of a voiturier's passengers, but we had no difficulty in meeting with a carriage capacious enough for our party, and our luggage into the bargain. Our agreement was to be taken from Basle to Lucerne for sixty francs, leaving the former at ten A.M., and arriving at the latter next day at three P.M. The feat was accomplished very pleasantly by two horses and a German coachman, of whose language we understood nothing, nor he of ours. We found this a disadvantage in more respects than one, and resolved in future to have nothing to do with a German driver who could not

speak French. Murray's "Handbook for Switzerland" (Route 4) will inform the reader all about the localities we passed through between Basle and Lucerne. Our sleeping place was Kreutzstrasse, where the "Lion" received us with open arms, and where we found good beds, good feeding, an obliging hostess, and a tolerable piano tolerably well played by a tolerably pretty daughter. The country is very beautiful all the way to Lucerne, especially at the highest point of the mountain pass called the Unter-Hauerstein. Here I alighted; and, mounting on the back of one of my sons, was carried by him to the summit, from whence, being deposited on the grass, I enjoyed a delicious view of the landscape around.

I suppose the country in this part of the world has been much changed since Arnold of Winkelried guided that bundle of spears into his breast by which he achieved his own deliverance from the troubles of this life, and that of his countrymen from the oppression of the Austrians. For this reason, perhaps, my vicinity to the lake of Sempach, near which he fell, did not kindle up those peculiar emotions which one is expected to feel when passing over ground

that has drunk in the blood of martyrs or heroes. I am afraid however, that, in these matters I am deficient in the organ of veneration. If every spear had been preserved, and clearly identified, which had entered the heart of the patriotic Arnold, I really don't think I could have drawn up the blind of the carriage window to have inspected one of them. Sights of this description are to me such *mere sights* that I take not the slightest interest in beholding them. As curiosities—as things revealing, in some measure, the state of the nations or times to which they belong, such as the relics of Pompeii,—I have no objection to take a peep at an old spear, or an old anything else. But if it is merely because the spear went through the heart of a distinguished man, I confess myself indifferent to the inspection. Why should I desire to see it? I know what a spear *is*; that any other spear would have done similar execution; that, if the story be true, Arnold must have been killed by a spear; and that my imagination of what the spear must be like, will give me a very sufficient idea of what it actually was. “Ah!” somebody will say, “you have no poetry in your soul.” To which

I reply, that the question is not one of poetry, but of taste,—tell me, if you like, that I have no taste.

Here we are at Lucerne; of course drive up to the “Schwitzer Hof,” and of course, for so it seemed to be, there was no room for us. “We might have beds at the *Dependances*, and our meals in the hotel, if we liked.” This we did not like, and made off to the “Schwan” where we were satisfactorily housed. Bad weather and the non-arrival of letters kept us two days at Lucerne. Our intention was to have gone up the Lake to Fluellen, and thence over the St. Gothard to Milan. On enquiring, however, the price of fares by the diligence, we were informed that we might book our places, if we pleased, to Milan, but that the proprietors of the diligence could not undertake to convey us beyond Bellinzona,—that, in short, there was a dispute between the Swiss and Austrian authorities, which made the probability of our entry into Italy from the former country very doubtful. So we made up our mind to cut across to Geneva, and try if a passage was practicable over the Simplon. A word about the postal authorities here. My brother having left a sick wife at Boulogne, had

arranged with her when and where to write to him, the first place being Lucerne. "No letter," however was the answer to his enquiry on the appointed day. The same answer is given him the next day; he having written in the meantime to his wife, to say he would be at Geneva on a certain day, and wait there for a letter. Before starting, however, for Geneva, I suggested that my brother should ask to look at the letters himself. This request was very grudgingly complied with; but the result of the inspection was that a letter was found to have arrived on the very day it had been enquired for. The same thing occurred on our arrival at Geneva, with the exception that the post-office official would not permit any other inspection than his own, until my brother insisted—when the result was a letter, as before. To me the same thing occurred subsequently at Rome, and, indeed, I found several travellers complaining of similar occurrences in their own case.

At Lucerne we were occupied in gazing on the lake from the windows of our hotel, took a drive in the environs, bought a Swiss cottage in the day, and were rather startled by a Swiss thunderstorm at

night. The lion of the place is actually a lion—not a living one, but one carved out of the living rock in commemoration of the fidelity of the Swiss Guards who fell at the Tuileries in defence of Louis XVI., in September, 1792. You are told all about the matter by one of the survivors—that is, if you happen to find him alone, but generally there are so many visitors that he is in the midst of his story before you arrive. Alison, however, and others, having given us some insight to the same story, we do not so much regret having come in at the fag-end of the old veteran's recital; and tender him the usual franc without requesting him to "begin again." Speaking of the *locus in quo*, our friend Murray says, "There is a quiet solitude and shade about the spot which is particularly pleasing and refreshing." Without hypercritically observing that we expect solitudes to *be* quiet, the locality of the lion is not—for the visitors—a quiet solitude. On the contrary, there is a hubbub, and a tramping, and a chattering going on, that is destructive of all idea of solitude, or the reflections therefrom arising. If one could buy out the old Swiss Cicerone for half an hour, or get him

to buy out or keep off other people for that time, one might enjoy the *locale* of the lion, and possibly feel a little more respect for the lion himself; for amid bustle and formality the beauties of Art, equally with the beauties of Nature, lose much of the impression they would otherwise produce.

Before I leave Lucerne, having spoken so irreverently of antique relics, I beg to make atonement by informing the traveller who likes such things, that he will find in the arsenal of the above city a very select assortment, of which I refer him for a full and complete catalogue to Murray's "Handbook for Switzerland," Route 16, p. 37.

From Lucerne we hired a voiture to proceed to Geneva, sleeping at Payerne, Berne, Eschalmaz, and Lausanne. The scenery throughout is charming; but the most striking feature in the journey is the entrance into Friburg. You have to cross a suspension bridge, which, when you first see it from a distance, seems so much nearer the sky than the earth, that you begin to doubt whether it could be intended for the inhabitants of the latter. As you approach nearer, however, you find that it is really a practi-

cable bridge, and that you are carried safely by it over one of the most picturesque chasms in Switzerland. The view from the terrace of the hotel is most beautiful; of the kind, I doubt whether anything can be found *so* beautiful. The approach to Berne, too, is very striking; without having had a glimpse of the city before, you, at a sudden turn of the road, find yourself in full view of it, standing out bright and clear, like a newly-painted panorama.

Did any one ever see the clock strike at Berne? I mean *the* clock, that goes through such a variety of mechanical evolutions in the shape of cock-crowing, bears marching, &c. &c.

We never did, though we made one or two attempts. Either the clock had just struck, or it was too early, or we had come to the wrong clock, or it could be seen at any time,—and so ended in being seen at none. Of course we all went to the terrace where the man was carried over the parapet on horse-back, and, instead of being dashed to pieces in his descent of one hundred and twenty feet, lived to be seventy years of age. The record of the transaction

does not state his age at the time, but the feat was evidently of too gymnastic a character to have been perpetrated with impunity by limbs that had seen their best days; and we may conclude, therefore, that the hero of the tale would have had his existence considerably curtailed if his unpremeditated and, as they say in the bills, "much admired act of horsemanship" had terminated fatally. What I have just written on the subject has occupied much more time than was bestowed by any of us in contemplating the catastrophe. We were much more concerned in the consumption of some very delicious water-ices which we took in the open air, enjoying meanwhile—I was going to say, the scenery *before* us, but truth compels me to admit that, during the period of our aforesaid gustation, we had our backs to the beautiful prospect which the terrace commands. I am afraid we carry about with us a good deal of the animal, in these excursions that we talk so intellectually and sentimentally about. Don't let it be supposed, however, that we did not appreciate the prospect I have spoken of; but it was certainly a secondary consideration to the ices. At a shop in

Berne, we were shown some tables that had been at the great Exhibition ; and as we had not been there we concluded on purchasing a table that *had*, thinking that, besides being a very pretty article of Swiss wood-work, it would be a very imposing thing to say to our friends in Australia, "Do you see that table? It was in the great Exhibition ; we bought it at Berne." Vanity in its way, this !—but not of a very criminal kind, I hope ; the fact is, if there were no one to look at what we bought, few purchases would be made for their own sake, not even excepting *the* original letter of Cardinal Pole, which was sold by Mr. Sotheby the other day for 40*l*.

We had not time to see much of Lausanne, and what we did see, the state of the weather did not permit us to enjoy. Strong wind and drifting rain damp considerably one's zeal for communion with the picturesque. We managed, however, to take a promenade of sufficient extent to be convinced of the truth of all we had heard about the beauties of the place. After sleeping one night there, we travelled along the margin of the lake, through Nion, Coppet, &c., to Geneva. The weather was still

unpropitious, and continued so during the three days passed at Geneva. Indeed, we came to the conclusion that even the early part of September is too late for a trip to Switzerland. We found many parties getting out of it as quickly as they could on that account, and giving up excursions which they had intended to take. At Geneva we had a repetition of the post-office scene which had occurred between my brother and the authorities at Lucerne. The result was that, being an affectionate husband, he would run no further risk of trusting to postal intelligence of his wife, and with his daughter quitted us to join her. He left Geneva, however, under some apprehension of being stopped at the French frontier, in consequence of not having had his passport *viséd* by the English ambassador at Berne; a proceeding which, when there, we had been informed was perfectly unnecessary. So, as far as my brother was concerned, it turned out to be; notwithstanding the long-faced predictions of certain travellers who had taken the trouble to send to Berne to get the aforesaid *visé*, he was allowed to pass into France without any notice of its omission. I found, indeed, a

general impression among English tourists that there was no leaving Switzerland without the Berne *visé*, and rumours were rife of several parties having been turned back at various points of exit for the want of it.

In spite of the weather, we managed to take one or two drives in the environs of Geneva, and to have a peep, *inter alia*, at that popular scene, the junction of the Arve with the Rhone. We were, however, compelled to pass a considerable portion of our time in looking out upon "the blue and arrowy Rhone" from the windows of our hotel—the L'Ecu de Genève. Here, one evening, I found myself seated, watching the women who came, one after another, to wash clothes in the river. Several were standing upon the balustrade, with their baskets before them,—the river running deep and rapidly by their side, whilst they stooped down to reach the water, dragging the various articles of linen backwards and forwards in the stream, till I thought some of them would lose their balance from the energy of their movements, if not from the insecurity of their position. In this way they appeared to get through a great deal of work; I can't

tell how many baskets were carried away on the heads of the fair (I have certainly seen fairer) *blanchisseuses* in the course of an hour. It was nearly dark when a solitary washer came with her load, and transporting that and herself to the parapet, commenced her—as it appeared to me,—very dangerous vocation. I was curious to see how long she would remain at it, and felt a kind of interest in her proceedings as if it was doubtful whether they would terminate safely. As night drew on, I could scarcely see her figure on the parapet, from the height of my chamber; but I was at length relieved by the sight of her basket on her head, and hearing her trip off singing, with her work accomplished. Well, thought I, there at least is no idler in God's world! How many of us in this hotel, where we are all taking our pleasure, are performing our allotted parts as patiently and cheerfully, shall I say as usefully, as that poor strong-armed, hard toiling, but I trust, light and happy-hearted girl? Excuse this digression, reader, but I thought it better than a description of Mont Blanc, which the clouds wouldn't allow me to see, and which you may learn all about, with much more edification, from Albert Smith.

A table d'hôte affords both exercise and amusement, for the rapid succession of dishes keeps your knife and fork in constant play, and you can look at or listen to your neighbours, if you can't talk to them. The spread at the L'Ecu de Genève is highly creditable to the manager of the gastronomic department. But how stubbornly unsociable with each other are English strangers over their meals. Nothing but a growl is wanting to suggest the idea of a human menagerie at feeding time. A dog over his bone is not more exclusive than the traveller from that celebrated land, where "every Englishman's house is his castle," seems over his plate. Of course there are exceptions to this habitual reserve, and it very soon disappears if any one has the courage to firmly and respectfully attack it. We had a party sufficiently large of ourselves to be independent of conversation with others; but there were many solitary travellers, who were our co-guests at the dinner-table, that I longed to take pity upon by having a word with, and I always did when I could. It is not easy, since the general use of moustaches and cigars, to distinguish Englishmen from foreigners; and if taciturnity

prevails as well, there is no very apparent clue to the discovery. We had been dining one day at the table d'hôte, when I heard somebody near us, as dessert was being served, say, "They are evidently all foreigners at this end." "No," said I aloud, "I am not for one, nor any of my family;" on which some half-dozen gentlemen, and two ladies opposite, very good-humouredly made the same announcement, and the result was that we all got into a very pleasant chat for the afternoon.

From Geneva we made arrangements to proceed to Milan, in sufficient distances each day to reach the latter city on the sixth from our departure. Our first day's journey was along the north side of the lake, as far as St. Gingoux—a saint, by the way, I never heard of before, unless the gentleman so frequently invoked under the familiar appellation of "Jingo" be the same. The second night we slept at Martigny; the third, at Tourtemagne; the fourth, on the Simplon; the fifth, at Arona; and the sixth found us in the midst of the Lombardo-Venetian capital. It was a delightful journey altogether: easy travelling, fine weather, magnificent scenery,

and beloved companions. The guide-books will tell how many beautiful things we must have seen, but not how much we enjoyed them. Indeed I don't know that I can do this myself; suffice it to say, that ever and anon, as we wound slowly through some of Nature's most lovely panoramas—my boys walking up the hills, and my wife by my side—I, stretched at full length in our ample voiture, gazing dreamily on the sweet prospect before me, and with the soft breath of heaven blowing balmily and healthily over my brow and cheek, forgot for the time all the irksome brainwork and heartfelt anxieties of gone-by years in distant climes; and, giving myself up to the calm pure bliss of the moment, had neither sigh for the past nor care for the future. I was not able to partake of all those physical delights which result in such circumstances from the possession of a strong pair of legs; but in the mere pleasure of travelling itself, with liberated mind and improving health, I experienced a sense of tranquil happiness that obliterated all remembrance of pain or sorrow, and drew from me, in my emotions of gratitude towards Him who was its source, a prayer that I might go

back to that distant clime and that irksome brain-work, of which I have spoken, a better if not a haler man.

There is a waterfall near the inn at Tourtemagne, which most travellers who have time, run to take a peep at. Two poles thrust through an arm-chair made a sufficiently safe vehicle for the conveyance of my person thither. I trembled at one or two crossing-places, where the solitary plank seemed somewhat too fragile for its passing burden; and began to fear, from the general steepness and slipperiness of the ground, that some of us might be introduced to a fall of not quite so interesting a kind as that we were in search of. However, we arrived there safely, approaching sufficiently near to get our ears stunned by the noise, and our cheeks watered by the spray. Altogether, my body was more stirred than my mind; yet, thought I, if this diminutive cataract sounds so formidable—by Jonathan! shall we say?—what must Niagara be?

From the moment that you enter the valley of the Rhone until you reach the Italian side of the Simplon the eye is attracted by a succession of cottages, huts,

and sometimes villages, that dot the apparently inaccessible slopes of the mountains on either side of the road. By the aid of a telescope, what seemed a stone is discovered to be a house, and a patch of green, no larger than a pocket-handkerchief, turns out to be a cultured field. Plots of ground which appear untenable to human footing, and too insignificant in size to be worth cultivation, even on the level soil, are dug, planted, and fenced with a care and labour that nothing, surely, but the sternest necessities could have induced. The inhabitants of these mountains must be wretchedly poor, or wretchedly ignorant; or they would never persist in attempting to raise by themselves what a better application of their labour would enable them to purchase from others, and perhaps to obtain something more than that mere animal subsistence which is the result of their present toil.

I shall not attempt to describe what has been described so frequently already—the passage of the Simplon. Neither shall I say much about our visit to Isola Madre and Isola Bella, on the Lago Maggiore. I shall not soon forget either the sublime of the

mountains, or the beautiful of the lake, Of Isola Bella nothing can be said that is too eulogistic. The palace it bears has been called a toy by some fastidious gentlemen! Stuff! the idea of expecting or desiring an edifice like Windsor Castle to rise out of that fairy isle, and frown over those calm and smiling waters. The palace, the gardens, the terraces, are just what they should be, in such a clime, on such a spot. When Pauline says to Claude Melnotte, "Sweet Prince, tell me again of thy palace by the lake of Como," he replies by describing it as—

"Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,
Near a clear lake, margin'd by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles;"

a decided fib, as told by the deceiving Claude, but unquestionably true if we transfer the description from the sham palace at Como to the real one at Isola Bella. By the way, it is fortunate for its owner that it does not lie within the Austrian dominions, for, by a recent proclamation of the Emperor, among the estates of several noblemen declared forfeited, are those of the Count Borromeo.

The confiscation of Isola Bella would be a European calamity; at all events, we doubt whether in Austrian hands it would be as cheerfully open to the inspection of English visitors, as it is now.

To the Borromeo family belongs also Isola Madre, of which the chief attraction is its garden: we visited it; but the traveller to whom time is an object, will lose little by missing it, if he has already seen Isola Bella. There is one little drawback to the pleasure of inspecting these islands, viz., the presence of the individual who acts as guide and exhibitor. To enjoy them fully, one ought to be at liberty to roam unwatched and unattended through these lovely retreats, and to be able to stop here and there, as the mood inclined, without the presence of an impatient conductor, or the chattering of a loquacious cicerone. Then the boatmen, notwithstanding the fixed prices of their tariff, growl very considerably at you, if your *buon-mano* does not considerably add to their legal fare: and altogether, in one's excursions to these isles of beauty, there is such a mixture of the practical with the poetical, as deducts materially from the influence of the latter. Towards

night, however, the view from the balcony of our inn at Baveno, restored to our imagination a happier tone, and sent us to rest, dreaming of the soft moonlight we had left smiling over the lake, and listening to the sweet songs which might be still heard echoing from its shore. We sat for some time enjoying at our window the moonlight and the harmony, and must have been asleep before either had ceased. What was this harmony after all? Nothing more, if you like to take it so, reader, than a few work-people trying to forget the toil of their hands in the exercise of their lungs. Even so; and judging from the spirit and good-will with which they sang, I should say the attempt was successful. There were about twenty young persons of both sexes grouped together under some trees before the inn, all employed in preparing flax, and rapidly at work with their fingers, which appeared to require neither light nor attention to guide them. Every now and then a voice would begin singing, then two or three more took up the tune, and finally, all joined in chorus. Occasionally a false note would be detected, when they would stop and burst out laughing; or the

offender might be heard receiving a jobation from one who seemed to be either the Jullien or the Hullah of the occasion. Then they would sing and laugh, and laugh and sing again ; and so, I was told, many an evening was passed by these poor but light-hearted people, in the prosecution of their labours for their daily bread. Well, thought I, these people may be ignorant and superstitious, but what I see here is better, at all events, than the toil of the factory, or the recreation of the public-house. Italy may have fallen low enough in some respects ; but in others, there is at least one nation which I fear has fallen far lower.

From Arona to Milan the country is flat but fertile ; rice fields abound, but the cultivation of it is a very unwholesome occupation, in consequence of the marshy nature of the ground which is required for its growth. The oxen in this part of the country are magnificent—the finest in the world for strength, shape, and beauty. We found here, and throughout Italy, as was the case also in Switzerland, the vines blighted and discoloured by disease of some kind, which not only impaired the flavour of the grape

itself, but rendered it unfit for making into wine. Talking of wine, let me recommend *Vino d'Asti bianco* to those who like a palatable draught on a hot day; it is not unlike sparkling perry, and is decidedly better than mediocre champagne; water, however, is preferable to both, if it is to be got pure. The only real drawback which we experienced in the course of our Italian tour to our gustatory enjoyments was the want of milk for breakfast, and the consequent necessity of turning that meal into a premature dinner.

We stayed at Milan five days, during which we of course visited La Scala and the Duomo. More interesting than either was our inspection of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper—a rapidly fading, but still sufficiently impressive fresco to vindicate its title to the wide-world celebrity it has obtained. The traces that still remain of the Saviour's features conveyed to us a very different feeling from that which we experienced in regarding through its crystal coffin the actual countenance of the richly-shrined Carlo Borromeo: the one showed us all that was earthly and perishable in its most offensive relation to the senses; the other, all that was divine and spiritual

in their loftiest relation to the imagination. From the dead body, mouldering in its cold but gilded sepulchre, we turned with disgust; to the painted figure on the damp wall we turned with admiration, reverence, and hope; admiration for the art that could portray the God-like in human form, reverence for Him it sought to bring before us, and hope for the future, of which He was at once the evangel and the example.

The cathedral of Milan exacts, for its exterior, an admiration which its interior does not command. This is cold, dark, and vast, and seems as *unfurnished*, if the expression may be allowed, as the majority of Italian churches are over-adorned. There are many beautiful objects within—painting, sculpture, and stained glass of the best—but the *tout ensemble* is unsatisfactory. Service was going on when we entered, but this did not interfere with our movements about the church, nor prevent the offers of sundry fee-taking officials to escort us about it. Of course it was out of my power to ascend to the summit, so I waited in the nave whilst my family set out on their journey to

the spire. Arrived thereat, they were struck by finding my name, which I had chalked up twenty-four years before, still undefaced; so that these cards, exhibited for the inspection of everybody, do stand some chance of handing down the nobodies who leave them, to posterity. I amused myself in the church by watching the congregation—a very small one—and the people who came in and out, for the purpose of performing some particular act of devotion. Many remained after the service was over, sitting on the benches, apparently engaged in some mental meditation, but as undevoutly, as far as posture was concerned, as if waiting for the commencement of a play.

I have spoken of the corpse of Carlo Borromeo; it is deposited in a chapel beneath the floor of the cathedral, and is a sight which is not exhibited to those who visit the shrine of the saint without an extra fee of five francs. The chapel and its treasures are pointed out to you by a gentleman sufficiently polished in manner and clerical in apparel to make one shrink from the idea of offering him cash; but our delicacy on this head turned out to

have been misplaced. On our intimation that we were desirous of inspecting the actual flesh and blood—I mean: skin and bone—of the sainted cardinal, he (I mean the attendant, not the cardinal), bowed graciously, and proceeded, in our presence, with great gravity to prepare himself for the exhibition, by lighting six or eight huge tapers, putting a white robe over his shoulders, and uttering sundry brief, but pious, ejaculations. He then put some machinery in motion, which had the effect of removing from the crystal coffin its outer covering, and disclosing, dressed in his most gorgeous robes, the body of the cardinal, the face, or rather what remains of it, being distinctly visible. Our inspection concluded, we handed to the exhibitor the customary fee, who received it with an air of bland gratitude and dignified humility that made us feel, for the moment, its acceptance, on his part, was almost as much an act of piety as of profit. We took our leave of him with due reverence, and had some difficulty in persuading ourselves that we had not been waited upon by some distinguished dignitary of the Romish Church,

In Milan the English are more welcome to the hotel-keepers than to the Austrian authorities. The latter, however, give our countrymen little trouble if they conform readily to their regulations. The ordinary course on entering the city is to leave one's passport, and receive in exchange for it a document desiring the bearer to appear personally before the authorities within twenty-four hours after his location. Travellers are sometimes told that personal attendance is not necessary, but we did not make the experiment, and I heard of one gentleman who, having inadvertently omitted it, was not only ordered to quit Milan within forty-eight hours, but to proceed forthwith out of the Austrian dominions. The Milanese feel more than ever the humiliation of subjection to Austria, and show that feeling in every way which does not expose them to penal consequences. The Italian nobility keep away from the grand opera because it is supported by a government they detest, and they would have to endure the mortification of seeing the best seats gratuitously given up to a soldiery by whom they have been first forced to submission and are now kept in coercion ;

but whatever the cause may be, the opera is very different from what it was five-and-twenty years ago. Then Rubini was in all his glory, enchanting the Milanese, as he did afterwards the English, with his exquisite vocalization in Bellini's *Il Pirata*. The scenery too was on a far more magnificent scale in the ballet department. "*Il Trovatore*" by Verdi and a ballet called *L'Araba* were the pieces produced for the opening of the season in the autumn of 1853. We were disappointed with both, though we heard one fine tenor (Bettini) and one or two pieces of music worth hearing again. We found Verdi quite the rage throughout Italy, and that one or other of his operas was being performed simultaneously, and with equal applause, at Rome, Florence, and Naples. Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti seemed to have been quite superseded, but I confess, notwithstanding, my preference for any one of these three composers. A "screaming farce" at the Adelphi is well enough, but a screaming opera I detest, and that is just what Verdi seems to delight in. Shouting is not singing, and orchestral noise is not pleasant, though in accordance with the most approved rules of instrumentation.

In whatever else London may be defective, it beats all other European capitals for female beauty. We had thought the women tolerably ugly in Switzerland, but in Milan we found them *intolerably* so. We sat on Sunday, the most favourable day for observation, for two hours in the public gardens, hearing the band play, and watching attentively the various groups promenading before and around us—and I assert without hesitation, that never were so many civilized human beings collected together amid whom so little was visible that could make one proud of belonging to the race. Probably we did not see the most aristocratic part of the community, but we were not prepared to witness in so large a proportion of it, such an amount of uncomeliness in person and snobbishness in costume. It is the author of *Eöthen*, I think, who says that in passing through a district of the Bedouins, he was so struck by the extreme ugliness of the women that he could not help deeply pitying the men who were their husbands. Something of the same feeling occurred to me, as I beheld the oppressively plain faces, and ungainly shapes of that portion of the sex out of which husbands are

doomed to choose wives at Milan. Lady Wortley Montague once wrote, that though she was a woman herself, it was a consolation to her that she was not obliged to wed one. The remark might have been justified if it had been made after an inspection of the female display upon which I have been descanting.

At Milan we engaged a vetturino to take us to Florence, which we reached in six days, sleeping at Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, and Covigliaio. The three first cities seemed dull and dirty, and to possess no charms which could make a sojourn in any of them desirable. The antiquarian and the artist will of course find much in either to interest them ; but it is manifest even to the cursory eye of the passing traveller, that in these once famous cities—

“The light of other days is faded.”

In some respects the same may be said of Bologna, which is, however, still a magnificent town, full in almost every street of palatial structures and noble architecture. There is something peculiarly grand and massive in the appearance of the buildings ; and

one can hardly conceive that art and literature could be more worthily housed than they formerly were, and to some extent still are, in the halls and galleries of Bologna.

All who have read Rogers's "Italy," will remember the lines beginning—

"If ever you should come to Modena,"

a not very poetical prelude to a very affecting story about one Ginevra, of which we have an English counterpart in the song of "The Mistletoe Bough." We did come to Modena, but left it too early in the morning, and arrived at it too late in the afternoon to pay the visit which the poet recommends. I saw, however, something which struck me as equally curious, in a bookseller's shop, an Italian drama, under the name of "Lord Byron," of which not the least amusing portion was the list of the *dramatis personæ*. Among these, figured "Sir Murray Librajo, John, Vecchio servo," &c. &c.; among the other characters are Byron's wife, and father-in-law, a lady that Byron loves, and another lady in love with Byron. The drama itself, though intended to be very serious,

could only make an Englishman smile. We are very fond of borrowing from the French stage, but the Italian seems to be indebted to us for subjects, at least, if not for plays. With all our appreciation of our great poets and actors, it has never occurred to us to make any of them the hero of a play. The Italians have taken a different view of the matter; and, for anything I know, are performing there at this moment, as they were when I left Turin, a drama entitled "Kean, or Perverted Genius."

The country between Milan and Bologna is not remarkable for beauty. Piacenza is entered by a bridge of boats across the Po, the actual state of which, at the time of our traversing it, was disgusting to more senses than one. I do not remember ever to have seen the much-abused Thames in so filthy a condition. No slight source of amusement during our journey were the peculiarities of our vetturino, a somewhat corpulent but polite and loquacious Jehu. If I had the talent of a Dickens, I would endeavour to convey some idea of them. Here, however, are one or two facts, which will speak for themselves.

On the morning of our leaving Bologna, and when we were nearly a mile on our way, he pulled up his horses suddenly, exclaiming with agonised vehemence, "Oh, mon Dieu, Signor!—Christo—Corpo di Bacco! —j'ai oublié mon passeporte!" We were not yet out of the town, and his audible excitement bringing a crowd about him, he offered one of them a trifle to run to the inn and fetch the all important document. Whilst waiting his return, my wife and one of my sons took the opportunity of popping out to see if they could buy some fruit. In the interim back came the messenger with the wrong passport, a mistake that I thought would have driven our friend "Grumpy," as we used to call him, mad. Fat as he was, he sprang up nearly two feet into the air, and then bounded off at a pace which he could evidently not have kept up for more than half-a-minute. Luckily, however, one of the servants of the inn arrived with the right passport; but now *I* began to feel rather uncomfortable, for my wife had not yet come back, and time was precious, as we had a long distance to go before night. Our excellent "Grumpy" was quite beside himself; and

notwithstanding his respectful exclamations to me of—"Povera Signora! Dio—la Signora,—oh, mon Dieu,—elle est perdue!" I could hear several *asides* of a character much more profane than either consolatory or complimentary. At length the signora made her appearance, having certainly lost her way, though fortunately, not herself. Poor Grumpy! his misfortunes for that day were not over. As we were walking quietly up a steep hill near the close of our day's journey—only I and my wife being in the carriage—a peculiar jerk of the vehicle, and a simultaneous cry from Grumpy, gave notice of something unusual. At the same moment my sons ran up to the carriage door, and lifted myself and my wife on to the road, where, on being deposited, I perceived what had occurred. The reins had got under the tail of one of the horses, which was kicking up and lashing out fearfully, poor Grumpy being all the time seated so near the animal, as to present an almost unavoidable target for his heels. Instead of letting the reins go, and jumping down at once, he kept pulling them still tighter; and when the horse kicked all the more (which of course it

did), set up an absolutely piteous shriek, alternating it with exclamations of "Christo! Dio!—Povera bestia!" and throwing himself back, with his own heels nearly over his head, to escape contact with those of the *poor beast* he had so pathetically invoked. At length, dropping the reins, he contrived to get down, but not without a slight blow on his foot from the plunging quadruped. He really had been in great danger, for his driving seat was so close to the horses, that it was a marvel his brains were not dashed out. When he had recovered himself, he protested that such a thing had never occurred before; that the animal had never kicked, or been known to kick under any circumstances; that there was not a quieter, milder, sweeter-tempered horse in the country, &c. &c. The fact is, that though these little Italian black horses are very strong, and get through a great deal of work, they are decidedly vicious if anything puts them out; and although they don't shy, or jib, or run away, can—upon due occasion—kick considerably.

We arrived at Covigliaio, a pretty little village in the mountains, rather late, and being very tired, and

somewhat put out by the occurrences of the road, my wife preferred going to bed to sitting down to dinner. This was, however, no easy matter ; for the piece of furniture designated as a bed looked more like a haystack in height, and without a ladder of almost fire-engine altitude, was not to be reached. Having taken due survey thereof, we discovered that it was reducible at least six feet by removing two of the huge mattresses that had been employed to swell up the astounding pile. The suggestion was easier made than effected, and was at length only accomplished by calling to our aid the landlord, and the whole strength of his establishment. For all that, we had got into a very clean and comfortable inn, and were much better “cared for” than at hotels of larger pretensions. On leaving, the country continued to grow more and more lovely, till at length its culminating point of beauty was reached in those portions of the road, which brought us within view of Florence. How shall I speak of “La Bella Firenze ?” —I had visited it once before in the winter of 1829-30, and even then it was beautiful, but now, in the beginning of autumn, with scarce a leaf yet faded, and

its skies softer if less bright than those of summer, it seemed an earthly Paradise. The environs on all sides—but especially on that of Fiesole, are enchanting, whilst, within the city itself, few spots offer more delightful prospects or promenades, than are to be enjoyed in the Boboli Gardens. I contrived, by the aid of my sons' shoulders to get to the summit of them; and reclined there an hour by myself, whilst they and my wife, made better acquaintance with the beauties of the place than I was now enabled to do. Whether my enjoyment was equal to theirs I know not, but it was great, very great—so much so, that I no longer regretted to have found the Pitti palace shut—as with all its treasures of art, it could offer nothing so beautiful within, as what was to be seen without, the place of their deposit—moreover I had grown somewhat weary of looking at pictures, and began to feel—shall I confess it, that I did not always derive from the inspection of even the most celebrated, a pleasure commensurate with the toil, for such it was to me, of obtaining a sight of them.

Don't let it be imagined that I undervalued what I could not always enjoy—but the highest productions

of art require for their true appreciation a more matured judgment and taste than I pretend to possess. Moreover, it is not the most striking which are the most superior pictures or statues; yet, where time is wanting for making the comparison, the most striking will, to the untutored eye, be the most attractive. I was disappointed in the impression produced upon me by the Venus de' Medicis when I first saw it, but after a second and third sight of it, and viewing it attentively, my admiration was gradually awakened, and fixed. This was the case also with the Apollino, and some of the principal pictures in the same room (the Tribune), in which being left to myself whilst my family roamed about the other apartments, I had an opportunity of ruminating calmly and leisurely on the treasures around me.

We went to two or three of the principal theatres at Florence, and found good music and singing at all, though none of the great European stars were among the performers. Pleasant enough, too, we found a drive in the Casino, the Hyde Park of Florence, and where a sort of gathering *à la Rotten Row* may be seen in the fine evenings, but especially on the

Sunday. There is the same kind of lounging, gossiping, and staring going on as may be witnessed between Apsley House and the Serpentine any afternoon between four and six, from April to July. Bucks with fiery horses and fiery moustachios, patting first one and then the other, as if both required a little humouring to preserve their propriety; carriages open and shut, with ladies old and young, all trying to see and be seen; some reclining in voluptuous elongation, as if heedless or disdainful of any homage that might demand more fatiguing acknowledgment than a glance of the eye, or a wave of the hand; others full of smiles and courtesy, chatting, talking, and bowing at every opportunity, only too happy to recognise and be recognised; this, and a great deal more, which is characteristic of the afternoon's performances in the aristocratic locality just mentioned, may be witnessed on a smaller scale, and with equal edification, in the Casino at Florence.

It is no news, perhaps, to say that alabaster statuary and Pietro duro mosaic are to be had in perfection in this delightful city. As to purchasing, let me give two pieces of advice: buy the best of its

kind, and don't be your own carrier of what you have bought. Perhaps you will have a friend at hand skilled in such matters ; but if not, look well at two or three shops, and inquire the prices at each, of the same things ; you will be struck by the difference, which arises from two causes ; first, the habit many of the vendors have of asking much more than they will ultimately take ; and, second, from the greater or less degree of finish, which is not always perceptible without more care and investigation than unpractised buyers ordinarily bestow. Bazzanti has one of the best collections of alabasters, but you will perceive even in *his* shop great differences in the execution of the same figure, though offered at the same price. The reason simply is that some of the hands he employs are better than others ; and all you have to do, when this is discovered, is to require any particular figure or group, which you may fancy, to be executed by his best workman. If you succeed in getting this, you will obtain such a piece of work as you are not likely to meet with (and certainly not for the same price) at any of the London shops.

Now as to being your own carrier. I was unlucky

enough to purchase a cabinet-sized copy of Raphael's Madonna del Sedula, and to carry it with me as part of my baggage to Rome. On entering the Roman frontier, the case containing it was opened by the Douaniers, who, on payment of a deposit to be returned on reaching the Eternal city, and, after affixing their official seal to prevent its being reopened, allowed us to resume possession of it. On entering Rome it was taken from us with an intimation that the case and amount of deposit we had paid would be returned on application next day at the Dogana.

Thither, next day, at the appointed hour, we went, but after waiting there an hour I was informed by my wife that she had been desired to call again the *next* day. A second visit was accordingly made, when the same result took place, and a third day was appointed for the restoration of the box and the deposit. The third day we went, and having despatched my wife and one of my sons on their hitherto fruitless mission, I remained nearly one hour in the carriage outside before any tidings were brought to me of their proceedings. At last they came, my son holding something in both his hands which appeared

like a mass of copper, and my wife, gentle creature as she was, burning with rage and indignation, but without the picture. For some reason or other, which she did not understand Italian sufficiently well to make out, the picture could not yet be had, but they had returned the deposit, the insulting varlets, in coppers! and this was the ponderous mass of small change—four hundred and eighty baiocchi—that I had seen in my son's hands. *Corpo di Bacco*, wasn't I infuriated? Up to that moment I had in all our travelling trials kept my temper, but I lost it then: lame as I was, I managed, with my son's help, to struggle through bales of goods and other obstructions, to the desk where the chief official of the Dogana sat, and telling my son to throw down the coppers before the former, told him it was an insult to offer it in that shape, and that, as to the picture, I would apply no more for it, but should complain to the authorities, and leave him to settle it with them. I have no doubt I looked very ridiculous, and spoke very bad Italian, but the official looked aghast and astounded, and said something that I was told afterwards was of an apologetic character; but I was too impatient and indignant to

listen to any reply, and moved off, vowing I would never enter the infernal—yes, I am afraid I said infernal—place again. To get rid of my bile, I went forthwith to the British Consul, who sympathised with me in my annoyance, and undertook to save me from any further trouble by procuring the box himself, and forwarding it to England with some other goods I was about to entrust to his charge. Looking back upon the transaction, I perceive that I was absurdly outrageous, for experience might have taught me that, even in my own country, official dilatoriness is an evil by which the faith and patience of the most patriotic are sometimes severely tried. But when, out of a whole life, one happens to be able to spare only six or seven days at such a place as Rome, to find two or three hours of each day occupied in running after a beggarly picture, there is really some excuse for losing a little one's moral balance, and wishing, for the moment, as I confess I did, the authorities located within the ruins of the temple of (I forget what, but it is the site of the Roman Dogana) at the d—l.

There are two routes from Florence to Rome; one

by way of Sienna; the other, through Perugia, Terni, &c. The latter is taken by all who can afford time to accomplish it, being incomparably the more beautiful, though the longer and more expensive of the two. One great attraction is the celebrated cascade of Terni, of which the reader may perhaps remember a very striking description in "Childe Harold." But the scenery all along is of the most picturesque and enchanting kind. Perhaps nowhere else in Italy will the artist or traveller find so much to delight the eye or satisfy the imagination. Every conceivable variety of beauty arising from the happiest combination of Nature and Art, is to be met with between Florence and Civita Castellana. It is one exquisite panorama throughout. The eye has constantly in view, either near or remote, some enchanting object. Now it is—such as you look down upon in emerging from the mountain-throned city of Perugia—a landscape of surpassing loveliness and extent; now, a white walled town glittering in the rays of the morning sun, or reflecting its evening hues from some distant eminence. Now a forest of vine-trellised chestnut trees shuts out for awhile the

blue of the sky, and the green of the valleys; now we are passing a peasant's cottage—now a decayed palace—now a magnificent monastery; something here and there, perhaps, that suggests melancholy reflections: but taken on the whole, offering a succession of scenes, than which anything more delightful to contemplate can hardly be imagined.

Among other celebrated localities on the way, is the Lake of Trasimene, where Hannibal thrashed Flamininus, now called the Lake of Perugia. We slept on its borders, at the village of Passignano, and whilst dinner was preparing, my sons hired a boat for a row on its classic waters. They returned thoroughly disgusted; the boat being dirty and fishy, and the fisherman to whom it belonged, importunate and extortionate.

Terni, however, is the *ne plus ultra* of attraction. The cascade is about six miles from the town, a miserable place enough, and where every house seems going fast to decay. As we drew near the spot where travellers alight to visit the falls, we found ourselves escorted by a party of females mounted on donkeys, which we were given to understand would

be at our service for the usual "consideration." No sooner had we alighted, than the fair riders of their respective jackasses alighted too, and encircling us, bridle in hand, pressed upon us the employment of their submissive beasts in a chorus of clamorous importunity, to which we at once yielded, in preference to losing our time and temper by any preliminary parley. Donkeys for four having been accepted, negotiations were opened for the conveyance of one by chair; and the terms having been arranged, I found myself almost immediately hoisted by two poles upon the shoulders of four villagers, with two others as reliefs, and following rapidly in the track of the long-eared quadrupeds to the place of our destination. Our way lay through the gardens and grounds of the Villa de la Graziana, the residence for about twelve months of the Queen of George IV., when Princess of Wales. A more romantic spot can scarcely be conceived. The path to the falls winds through orange-groves, orchards, and shrubberies, becoming gradually higher and wilder, till at length you cross a rocky scrub, and at a sudden turn of the path have the waterfall full in view. To see it to greatest

advantage, you are conducted to a sort of hut or covered seat, which is exactly opposite the fall, and from whence you can behold it from top to bottom in its full proportions, the summit being as clearly discernible as the base. It rises about two hundred feet above, and descends one hundred and forty below the spot from which it is beheld, and which is so situated, that you can almost feel the spray as it rebounds from the dash of the cataract into the waters of the Velino.

I have before alluded to the presence of guides and ciceroni as no slight drawback to the pleasure of sight-seeing abroad, particularly where natural scenery is the object of attraction. At Terni we had a similar infliction to endure from the Boswellian officiousness of our attendants, who would not leave us alone for a moment, but followed us about wherever we turned, with a pertinacity and adhesiveness that suggested strongly the idea of policemen or bloodhounds. The annoyance, too, is the less endurable, from the conviction that you will be expected to pay for it. Thus on getting into our carriage to return, a swarm of harpies held out their hands

towards us, vociferating for "*qualche cosa*," for doing what we would willingly have paid them to have left undone. One had shown us this thing, another that; a third had opened a door which a fourth had shut; a fifth had picked us an olive; a sixth a flower: the donkey conductress who had nearly upset my wife by clutching her round the waist all the time she was riding, wanted something for "taking care" as she called it, "of the Signora." The porters of my chair grumbled at receiving double what I had promised them; and finally, a sturdy beggar who happened to be one out of a dozen that I had really no *baiocchi* left to give anything to, roared out some frightful imprecation on his more fortunate brethren, which set them imprecating and screaming in return, till the noise frightening our horses, the postilion cracking his whip, dashed through the surrounding crowd, and carried us away from a scene for which, with all our previous experience of similar adventures, I must say we were hardly prepared.

Our last day's journey from Civita Castellana to Rome offered nothing attractive in the scenery, and

we were glad when it was terminated. We arrived in the Eternal city about three in the afternoon, and remained in it for about eight days, a period in which, if you believe Signor Piali's book upon the subject, you may see all that is worth seeing in Rome. We did not make the most of our time ; but no one, perhaps, need be told, that eight months would hardly suffice for making acquaintance with the in-door treasures of modern and ancient art which attract travellers to the capital of the papal dominions. We lost a great deal of time in purchasing pictures, mosaics, &c., and in making arrangements for their transport to England, and we often found ourselves inspecting the contents of the shops, and perusing the bills of the theatres, when we might have been doing something much more to the purpose—that is the professed purpose of our visit. The consequence was that we left many things unvisited, which we might have seen, had we made the best use of our time. Still I contrived to see all the principal buildings and galleries ; of their contents, I shall not have the effrontery to say much, when I had opportunity of seeing so little. I have already remarked that to appreciate the highest pro-

ductions of art, in sculpture and painting, something like educated taste is required. That which is guided only by the feeling and the eye, as mine was, would fail of realizing the delight experienced on beholding the master-pieces of the world, by those who have studied the principles and know something of the rules of Art. I am ignorant of both, and shall therefore frankly confess that I felt not the slightest emotion of pleasure in looking at Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel. I stood opposite it for some ten minutes, and—miserable wretch that I am—saw nothing that I should care to see a second time. Doubtless it is a wonderful and artistic performance, but as to the idea itself, I *cannot* give into the notion that drowning sinners catching at floating saints in flat bottomed boats, is an appropriate, or even a decent, exhibition of the Last Judgment.

No one who has visited Italy can have failed to notice the numerous copies which are to be seen in all the principal cities, of the portrait of Beatrice Cenci. The original is in the Palazzo Barberini, and fully justifies its celebrity and popularity. Few copies

exactly hit the true expression of this most delicate and refined of Guido's performances. There is a peculiar look of sorrow, contrition and resignation about the countenance of Beatrice that seems to baffle more than half its copyists. Certainly not one in ten of those I saw exposed for sale in Rome, were successful in this respect; and I have since observed one or two in picture shops in London which are still more inferior. In engravings and cameos the expression is altogether lost. I was fortunate enough to get a copy by Sig. Mazzuolini, in which the original is most faithfully and happily delineated. To appreciate the picture properly, one should read, before viewing it, Shelley's tragedy of the Cenci—his portraiture of Beatrice is as exquisite as that by Guido—it is difficult, indeed, to say whose work is the more beautiful of the two, the poet's or the painter's. Shelley, however, had the inspiration of the latter to assist him; he could hardly have found in any history of Beatrice's sufferings and character, so exquisite and touching a clue to either as was afforded him by a sight of the pale and melancholy face, that looks with such beseeching

sadness and subdued melancholy, from the canvas of Guido.

Whatever they may not be doing at Rome in the way of modern improvement, they are at least taking good care of their antiquities. The Colosseum has been propped in so many directions, and so substantially, that, in some parts, it is hard to distinguish the addition from the original. We of course visited it, and if the reader has been wondering how a lame invalid could manage the staircase—I may as well say, once for all, that I was carried on the back of one of my sons not only up the steps of the Colosseum, but up the steps of all other notable localities, both of Rome and elsewhere, where my curiosity would, but my legs would not, convey me. People stared, but not rudely; and if they did, what cared I? Time was when I should have stood aghast at the notion of going pickaback up the staircase of the Vatican—I am not such a fool now, though I am afraid I did try a *little* the moral courage, as well as the physical strength, of my sons in these decidedly practical illustrations of contempt for appearances. When I began this record, I did

not mean to make any quotations, but, upon this subject of pickaback peregrination if any one should laugh, may I request him to weigh well this confession of J. P. Richter; there is a deeper truth in it than the words at first sight seem to convey. "On the whole," says the worthy Jean Paul, "I hold the constant regard we pay in all our actions to the judgments of others, as the poisons of our peace, our reason and our virtue. At this slave-chain I have long filed, and I scarcely ever hope to break it entirely asunder. I wish to accustom myself to the censure of others and *appear* a fool that I may learn to endure fools."

Among other extramural excursions from Rome, we made one to St. Paul's Church, and the English burying-ground. The former is one of the most magnificent and costly churches in Italy, and when finished, will be one of the most unique. The latter was a more interesting sight to me, containing, as it does, the remains of at least two of the most illustrious men of their day—Sir Humphry Davy and Percy Bysshe Shelley. It was with difficulty I found the grave of the latter, and when I did, it was with

a feeling of shame and mortification. The inscription on the flat stone (it has no other) I could hardly decipher for the dirt and moss, and I could not have made it out at all, but for my previous knowledge of its letters. Surely the many English residing at Rome, might at least contrive to keep the gravestone of their countryman clear of obstructions—nay, one would have thought the erection of a monument over it, in these days of laudation to the living and statues to the dead, not altogether out of place, even though might be thereby preserved the memory of one whose “*cor cordium*” did not always beat after the orthodox fashion of the pious and charitable hearts by which it was surrounded.

There are one or two churches at Rome of which I admire the interior more than that of St. Peter's. And beautiful as is the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, it is in the neighbourhood of others, before which I have stood gazing as long and admiringly. The reclining figure of Ariadne, at the end of one of the galleries, is an exquisite specimen of ancient art. Then, again, there are no unworthy rivals of the former figure at the Museum in the Campidoglio. But

indeed, where there is so much to detain the most uninformed eye, it is difficult to say where lies the chief attraction. What struck me forcibly in visiting these depositories of ancient sculpture, was not merely the perfection of the artist's skill, but the magnificent lavishness with which the art itself would seem to have been encouraged, judging from the number of works—many belonging to the same period—that have been preserved, in addition to the far greater quantity that must have been destroyed or lost.

Among other incomplete relics (there are hundreds without a scratch or flaw) is a colossal torso in the Vatican, which those, who understand such matters, view with a sort of idolatry. But here again I was sadly at fault. I could see nothing in it to admire—at least to be admired by me: a huge mass of athletic muscle, however skilfully or naturally delineated in a block of marble, is a spectacle that may awaken the enthusiasm of the anatomist or the artist; but the uninitiated will feel little of such rapture; and I confess that, excellent as was the imitation, I beheld it with indifference, and had it

been a reality, should certainly have turned from it with disgust.

In Painting, too (I do not particularly allude to what I saw at Rome), there is a class of subjects which, whatever may be the merit of the artist, I cannot help regarding with indifference. They belong principally to the theological and mythological school. Martyrdoms, Crucifixions, and Holy Families abound in the Italian galleries in perplexing variety; but there were not more than one or two in regard to which the involuntary ejaculation escaped me—"This is beautiful!" As to the Jupiters and Ledas, Ganymedes, Hebes, Fauns, and Nymphs, *et id genus omne*, I felt that the things they were intended to represent were so unnatural and ridiculously fabulous, that I had not the slightest sympathy with the subjects. The horrible and the unreal are alike my aversion, and neither the sublime nor the ideal stands in need of such auxiliaries. Between imagination and truth there should never be divorce; from the actual to the *possible* is their appointed range, and surely in such a range there is scope enough for higher

and lovelier flights than were ever attained beyond it.

The legitimate object of Art is to elevate the mind or purify the feelings; mere emotions, without one or other of these accompanying results, are of no moral value, and may be produced in the most common-place spectator by the most common-place artist. Now, who is the better for communing with Paul Veronese's "Jupiter and Europa," or Domenichino's "Martyrdom of St. Agnes?" Fancy the God of heaven, mythological though he be, turned into a bull for the sake of eloping with a mortal damsel, whose charms have attracted him to earth! Where is the dignity or beauty, to say nothing of the absurdity of the idea, to excuse its introduction into a picture? At most, the skill of the artist can succeed in depicting what?—human desire in the countenance of a beast,—a disgusting triumph of art, one would have thought, if achieved; and if this be not achieved, the picture resolves itself into a still more disgusting conceit—a pretty woman carried away by an enamoured bull. "The Martyrdom of St. Agnes" is an immense picture, of which the

principal figure is St. Agnes herself seated quietly in a chair, whilst a bare-armed executioner as quietly plunges a knife into her throat, from which the blood gushes forth in torrents, with a life-like reality. Women of not very delicate nerves have been turned sick by looking at this picture; and I confess I beheld it with unmitigated disgust. What moral effect can possibly be produced by it? Yet the two pictures I have just mentioned are considered master-pieces of art; and to say one word in disparagement of them will, I know, be held in such an ignoramus as myself, unpardonable heresy, or unpardonable impudence. So be it. But the time probably is coming, when the right of private judgment will be exercised in regard to these matters, in spite of those damnatory clauses in the creed of orthodox art, which are as intolerant and bigoted in their way, as are certain other clauses belonging to certain other creeds of a more serious character.

From Rome we made arrangements to proceed to Naples, which we reached on the third day from that of our departure. A vetturino took us as far as Capua, whence we continued the rest of our journey

by railway. Our sleeping-places on the road were Cisterna and Molo di Gaeta; at the latter, in the hotel supposed to be built on the identical spot of Cicero's villa. A charming view of the shore and sea of the Mediterranean is to be had from its windows; but unless the villa of the orator was more comfortably appointed than we found the hotel which bears his name, it must have afforded sorry accommodation to the "distinguished circles" which he is said to have gathered there in his intervals of leisure. The country between Rome and Naples is more interesting from its historical associations and monumental vestiges of the classic past, than from the beauty of its scenery. It has, for the most part, a wild, desolate appearance; and if the realities of brigandage had not existed there, the imagination would have readily suggested them. The high road is tolerably secure; but I would not advise the traveller to wander far off it alone, in the neighbourhood of Terracina or Fondi, or even Albano; at the lake called after the latter place, I read that an English gentleman was stopped the other day (I write this in April 1854) by a brigand, who, after presenting his

carbine, lowered it with a bow, on receiving the contents of a well-filled purse.

Such events, however, seldom occur in these days; but amid so much poverty and wretchedness as exist among the inhabitants of the localities I am speaking of, there are many, probably, who would rather be bandits if they dared, than—as almost all of them are—beggars. It is in the latter character that they prove most annoying to the traveller; for miles and miles his steps are literally dogged by them, till his patience and purse are both exhausted—the latter long before the former. The continued sing-song of entreaty which they keep up—men, women, and children, in precisely the same tone and the same words—is like the constant buzzing of a mosquito, and nearly as irritating. It fairly drives all the legitimate associations of the scene out of one's head. How can one, in the midst of such pests, think about Marius in the marshes of Minturnæ, unless to wish oneself in the marshes too, to escape from the greater horrors of the highway?

It is a pity that there is not some way of paying a round sum by way of composition for this roadside

almsgiving. Such an impost in favour of mendicity, I am certain most travellers would gladly tolerate, if it would spare them the annoyance of personal solicitation. It would be as well, too, if the licensed corruption, as well as the licensed beggary, could be put upon a more satisfactory footing than it is, at present, in certain parts of the Papal and Neapolitan dominions. Everybody who has travelled therein, is aware that he may be spared the inspection of his luggage, by an adequate gratuity. The officials look to it as a part of their legitimate perquisites—in fact, without it, they either could not or would not live on their salaries—and as there is a great deal of trouble saved by this convenient form of bribery, and there is no chance of the delinquents being reported to any House of Commons, the practice is in very general use and fair repute also with travellers, particularly with that portion of them who belong to that glorious and independent nation, where a certain Bribery and Reform, and other Auxiliary Bills were passed—some of them not very long ago, with such astounding *éclat*.

I must admit that I did not escape intact—the

temptation was sometimes too strong to be resisted—but I was wrong, and said so at the time; and I did once absolutely and obstinately decline, for the sake of only five shillings, to be spared the delay and trouble of an hour's search. And I had some amusement out of the proceeding, too; for I was determined to take it coolly and philosophically, and thus turn the tables upon my persecutors. The scene occurred at Gaeta. "Signor," said the vetturino, "they search again, here; have you got a piastre?" "Yes," I replied; "but I don't mean to give it again; let them search." The vetturino shrugged his shoulders, as much as to express both his dissent and disgust at my resolve; for, independently of the delay it would occasion him, I suspect he was not altogether uninterested in the division of the piastre. However, seeing I had made up my mind, he reluctantly opened the door to admit the survey of the attendant official, who, after an inspection of the internal contents of the carriage, ordered all the luggage on the outside to be unfastened and carried up into the office of the Dogana. Thither, mounted on my son's back, up several flights of stairs, I

followed my traps, and having seen them deposited, remained to supervise their inspection. This was performed by two subordinates, under the eye of a third, who issued, on my entrance, from a dirty corner where he had been smoking, and proceeded to his work with an air and aspect that showed how unused he was to anything of the sort, and that seemed to say to me, "What a fool you are not to cash up the fee!" They detained me as long as they possibly could, overhauling everything, even to my washing-book—which, by-the-bye, appeared most particularly to interest them, for they turned its leaves over with a care and anxiety that set us all tittering, and induced me at last to say, that if they wished to form a more intimate acquaintance with its contents, I would make them a present of it. Murray's Handbooks were eyed very intently also, and a small paper-weight Mosaic I had bought at Rome, was an object of attraction I thought they would never have done regarding. I could not exactly discover whether it was suspicion, curiosity, or surprise, with which they were contemplating this little specimen of art; but it was evident they had

got hold of either a puzzle or a novelty. The inspection was at length completed, and I had the satisfaction of leaving the authorities as much mortified and disappointed, as they had hoped to have seen me. When our things were all repacked, the porter who had carried them up and down stairs, presented himself for a *douceur*. "What for?" said I; "I did not employ you to carry the boxes either up or down. Go to the Dogana." The poor fellow stood aghast, and looked so piteous, that at my wife's desire I relented, and gave him a couple of *carlini*.

On arriving at the Railway terminus at Naples, our trunks were again taken into the custody of the Custom House authorities. These dignitaries were stationed at the door of an apartment bare of furniture, and not larger than a sentry box, in which they stood watching, with the eagerness of caged beasts waiting for their accustomed food, every arrival that promised the chance of a fee. As we approached, one of them stepped back, whilst the other exclaimed—as we drew out our keys, "No, no, Signor, *piccolo moneta*."

"How much?" said I; "what do you *charge*?"

“ Oh, we make no charge ; what you please.”

“ Well, here is a two-carlini piece ; will that do ? ”

“ Not enough, Signor.”

“ Another two-carlini piece ; will that do ? ”

“ One more if you please, Signor ; ah—that will be sufficient ; (*to the porter*) take away the trunks.”

During the time the above conversation was passing, crowds of people were hurrying in and out, and a herd of vagabonds denominated *facchini* worrying us, and quarrelling among themselves, as to the tender of their services to carry our luggage, and call us a carriage. Having previously instructed one of my sons to call a carriage, and already hired a porter to carry our trunks, I obstinately declined any aid from the bevy of harpies by whom we were now surrounded, all screaming at the top of their voice, glaring at us with importunate fierceness, and clutching, whether we would or no, at the various carryable articles which we had under our arms and in our hands. Having made way through them, and found the carriage my son had hired, we attempted to get ourselves and our luggage into it ; but we soon discovered that a second carriage would be necessary.

I beckoned to one in sight which came up, whereupon there was a rush of some dozen facchini towards it, and then back again to us, each vociferating that here was the coach *he* had called for us. Then there was an indiscriminate seizure and transportation of luggage from one carriage to another, amid a screaming, hallooing, quarrelling, and confusion, that defy description. It was in vain that I pointed to the one man whose services alone I had engaged, and whose services alone I desired—it was in vain that I used every physical and verbal remonstrance I was capable of, against any further interference with our persons or our things—both speedily became beyond our own control; nor were suffered for a moment to be within it, until we found ourselves deposited in the respective carriages to which luggage and individuals had been so indiscriminately and unceremoniously consigned. Now reader, you will think, perhaps, the scene was over, and that we were fairly off, on our way to the hotel—Corpo di Bacco! as these desperadoes say, the worst of it was yet to come. No sooner had we given directions to our drivers, than there arose a cry from the whole mob

of facchini demanding *qualche cosa* for their insolent interference. On my asking one of them, what he had done, the whole responded with a shrill shout which was equally savage and unintelligible. Pointing to the only man I had employed, I exclaimed—"I have paid him, and will pay no more." Then there arose a positive yell of execration, in the midst of which I ordered our driver to move on, but on his attempting to do so, two or three laid hold of him, others jumped upon the step of the carriage, and another laid hold of the horse's head, causing him to back and nearly upset the carriage. At this my eldest son jumped down, and seizing one fellow by the collar was about to strike him, when I begged him to desist; a similar remonstrance became simultaneously necessary to my second son, who was pushing another rascal away from the second carriage; meanwhile I was calling aloud for the police, abusing the driver for not going on, shouting alternately bad Italian, and good, but not very temperate English; till at length, myself nearly exhausted with rage, and my wife well nigh in hysterics, and amid a chorus of vociferation such as an Italian mob can alone give

out, we broke away from the desperadoes that clung about our wheels and horses, and set off at full gallop towards our hotel. We had proceeded at a tremendous rate, for about half a mile, when suddenly down went the horse of the carriage in which were two of my sons, and at the same time was seen, lying on the pavement, in a pool of what looked like blood, a form that I feared, at first, must be that of one of the occupiers of the carriage. We were soon relieved by finding that it belonged to a man who had been carrying a cask of red wine, and who had been run over and knocked down in crossing the road, causing the horse to fall upon him, and his wine cask to break into pieces. The poor man was not seriously hurt, but made a piteous moaning about the loss of his wine, for which however four carlini entirely consoled him. If he had been killed, however, I doubt whether the emotion of the driver who had run over him, would have equalled the lamentation of the former, for his *povera bestia*, to which alone he seemed to think it necessary to pay the slightest attention. The animal was soon upon his legs again, and without any further disasters we got to our

hotel, where, notwithstanding all our previous discomforts, we sobered down into a sufficient state of composure to enjoy a very capital dinner.

We arrived at Naples on a Saturday, and left it the following Thursday. A residence there of four months, from October 1829 until February 1830, had made me pretty well acquainted with everything worth seeing in the city and neighbourhood, so that, as far as I was concerned, I did not regret the short stay I was now enabled to make. The English, I was told, are not very popular in Naples just at this time, though to the hotel-keepers and shop-keepers they are always welcome, if only for the sake of their money. In the city we contented ourselves with a visit to Virgil's tomb, the monastery of St. Elmo, the Museum, and the theatre of San Carlo. Pozzuoli, Baia, and Pompeii were the extent of our excursions in the suburbs. Unfortunately, during our visit to the latter, it rained nearly the whole day, so violently at times that we could with difficulty find sufficient shelter among the ruins to prevent our getting soaked through. Years ago my first visit had been made under equally unpropitious circumstances, the day

being wet and foggy throughout. Perhaps it was all the more in keeping with the scene that Nature *should* hang her pall over these skeleton memorials of a destroyed city ; but desolation's self grows beautiful beneath the blue of an Italian sky ; and, though Pompeii was no more, the charm of its sunshine would have been as sweet to me amid its ruins, as it was to those who once tenanted its houses and peopled its streets. I was doomed, however, to depart without this gratification, and obliged to abridge considerably my survey of its remains. Hardly one-third of the city is yet exhumed, and it is remarkable what slow progress is made by the government in the excavation, or rather it is not remarkable when it can only afford to devote a sum equal to 6000*l.* per annum to carrying on the works. In our own country, or in America, the entire city would have been laid bare in a few years from its first discovery. Some have objected to the displacement of the objects discovered among the ruins, whether works of art or otherwise, contending that some contrivance should have been effected by which they might have been left in the exact position in which

they were found, or even, if possible, restored to that to which they had originally belonged. Had such a scheme been practicable it would have added certainly to the interest and verisimilitude of the scene; but a measure requiring resources equal to the erection of a Crystal Palace, though an object of Neapolitan ambition, could hardly be possible to the capacities of a Neapolitan revenue.

The Museum, where the Pompeian curiosities are deposited, is, on their account, the most interesting, perhaps, in the world. It would require a month's daily inspection to form a complete acquaintance with them. I shall not affect to say one word about them after only an hour's walk through the various rooms where they are classed and arranged. The mosaics struck me as most wonderful and perfect specimens of that kind of art. The remnant of the female bust, found in one of the cellars of a large house, is unsatisfactory as a view, though interesting as a relic. It is exhibited in a glass case, and has a decidedly geological appearance, suggesting anything but the idea of a formation appertaining to the human form divine. There is a more unmistakeable

relic of the same kind in the shape of a man's head (this is a nearly perfect petrification), but faces that have become stones are not quite so agreeable a sight as stones that have become faces ; the one is a revolting reality, the other a pleasing illusion.

By the way, I was somewhat surprised on entering the Museum, to see a notice to strangers that the attendants are forbidden to receive any gratuity. After one's experience in the tip line, from the chief of a Dogana downwards, it was rather startling to find any portion of his Neapolitan Majesty's dominions where the practice is ignored. I am not sure that the visitors to the Museum should be grateful for the prohibition, for the duties of the gentry to whom it applied seemed to me to be performed with an inertness which rather too significantly indicated the absence of the ordinary stimulus. Perhaps, in our case, the officials were less on the alert, from observing that we were attended by a *commissionaire*, whose business it was to point out to us the most remarkable objects ; but, unfortunately, the gentleman we had hired in that capacity was too mute or too stupid to be of the slightest service. He had

been thrust upon us by the innkeeper, as an invaluable appendage, at five francs per day; but the only result of his engagement with us was to add one to our number at great inconvenience, particularly in our drives, when his occupation of the coach-box, by excluding one of our own party therefrom, inconvenienced and discomforted all the remainder inside. The fellow had nothing to say, except in answer to our questions, and his information was so scanty that I soon found my own recollections of the locality twenty years ago preferable to making any enquiry of him. I never paid away money with more disgust in my life than when I gave this torpid impostor his twenty francs for his four days' attendance. I always avoided the employment of these gentry as much as possible, and, as a general rule, declined their services. Going one day into the Vatican, at Rome, a smirking, smiling biped of the fraternity forced himself upon us with an importunity which enabled him to carry his point—which, as the result proved, was to rob us for doing nothing. When we got into the galleries, the respective attendants, who were under no such restrictions as existed at the Museum in Naples, took upon

themselves the task of pointing out all the different objects, and gave our *commissionaire* a very distinct intimation that his attentions were superfluous. That functionary consequently contented himself with standing at the door of each apartment as we entered, and waiting there till we came out. For all that—does the reader believe it?—we were fools enough to pay him.

How very noisy and dirty are the streets of Naples! how annoying the beggars! how nasty the habits of the people! But what a gloriously beautiful vision the city and its environs present, when seen from any of the surrounding eminences. Nothing in the world can equal the view from the monastery of San Martino, or the succession of views that unwind themselves as you descend the circuitous declivities of the Strada di Pausilipo. I had not time to visit the islands in the bay, but was told that many find them even more delightful than the shores of the mainland. There is a story of an Englishman having paid a visit to Capri to pass an hour or two, and being so enchanted with it that he remained there for thirty years. But the whole country is surpass-

ingly lovely ; “ see Naples and die ” is a compliment to its charms, which I, who, like many others, have seen it and live, can nevertheless testify is not undeserved. One would hardly have imagined that amid such fair and smiling scenes, deeds of the blackest dye could be calmly resolved and coolly perpetrated, even by such monsters as Caligula, Nero, and Tiberius. Yet it was on the shore of Baiæ that he, who fiddled when Rome was burning, ordered the assassination of his mother ; and upon its smiling waters was the monster calmly gazing whilst the tragedy, as he hoped, was being there consummated. Agrippina, however, having managed to struggle through the waves and reach the shore alive, the disappointed matricide was obliged to postpone his gratification. The subject has been beautifully treated in one of Casimir Delavigne’s poems, which, as it is quoted at length in some other book of travels—I forget whose—I shall not quote here. And now, adieu to Naples ! beautiful to see, beautiful to remember ; memorable also for its ices, cheap, good, and substantial, looking like half-pound pats of rich firm butter, dwelling lingeringly and melting reluctantly in

your mouth, as if they loved you as much as you loved them. We had two objects in view in leaving Naples by sea :—to save time, and to avoid the annoyances we had experienced by land from inn-keepers, voituriers, douaniers, beggars, passports, &c., &c. I have said but little about them here, for they are trifles to record, and to many, perhaps, trifles to encounter. They do, however, materially detract from the pleasure of travelling in Italy ; and drive many to the Mediterranean Sea before they have become tired of its shores. We embarked on board the Capri steamer on Thursday afternoon, and were landed from her at Genoa on the morning of the following Sunday. It was a tedious passage, for nearly half of the time occupied by it was consumed in lying at anchor opposite the respective towns of Civita Vecchia and Leghorn. We reached each of these places at six o'clock on the successive mornings of Friday and Saturday, and did not leave them until six in the afternoon ; so that we were stationary by day, when we would have liked to be moving, and moving by night, when we would have been glad to be stationary. Of the Mediterranean, under such

circumstances, we saw, of course but little; nor could we land at Leghorn to take a run by railway to Pisa, in consequence of our passports being only *viséd* for Genoa. Here we made the most of our one day's sojourn, taking a drive in the environs, and visiting some half dozen of the principal palaces. Next morning we started at seven, by diligence, for Busalla, where we got into a railway carriage that brought us to Turin by four the same afternoon. The railway has since been completed all the way between the two cities. Those who visited them, as I had, twenty-five years before, could not fail to be struck by the marked improvement in both. Clean, but busy streets, elegant buildings, a well dressed and apparently prosperous community, are among the external signs of an order of things which is beginning to fix on Sardinia the eyes of all who are hopeful of Italian regeneration. Turin is one of the finest towns in Europe, and, though not so gay or bustling as Paris, or so rich in art as Florence or Rome, is by no means deficient in similar attractions, and, as a residence, has all the comfort and convenience of an English capital. It is a relief also to get into

Sardinia to be free from the thralldom of the passport system, which, though in force there, gives the traveller little more trouble than he now meets with in France or Switzerland.

We took the Diligence from Turin to Chambery, a journey of about thirty hours. We left the former place at three P. M. and reached the latter the next evening at nine. As we crossed it in the night we saw little of Mont Cenis; snow had recently fallen, and was still unmelted near, though not on the road. Unless it be for short distances, and in the coupé, travelling by Diligence is very fatiguing. Not that we had much to do with this kind of conveyance, for with the exception of the journey just named, and that from Chambery to Lyons, our travelling was all by railway or hired carriage. The road between these latter places is very beautiful in parts, and good all along; indeed throughout our tour great improvement was manifest everywhere in the state of the roads, as contrasted with their condition twenty years ago. The old system of driving *à la postillon* is discontinued, all the Diligences being now supplied with a coachman and coach-box. The

traces, however, are much after the old fashion, ropes being still more popular than leather among the continental Jehus. It is surprising to see the rate at which these huge vehicles are driven down hill, and what a brisk telling pace is kept up by the fat but sturdy cart-horse looking animals that drag them. Down hill their pace is somewhat alarming, especially to those who happen to notice the loose rein with which the driver holds his horses, his sole dependence for safety being in the apparatus which locks the hind wheels, a machinery which they manage with such readiness and dexterity that the most rapid descents are generally made in perfect safety. After passing a night at Lyons, we embarked on board the steamer for Chalons, a ten hours' voyage on the Saône. It rained so hard that we were obliged to keep below the whole way, a most disagreeable necessity, as it deprived us of some very beautiful river views, and exposed us to much discomfort and inconvenience from the crowded and incommodious state of the cabin. It was one of the most miserable ten hours of voluntary suffering I ever endured; I defy any one to be happy in a small steamer, with a large party, on a

wet day. We arrived, however, if in bad humour, with a good appetite, at Chalons, whence we took rail for Paris the next morning at six, and arrived in the French metropolis the same afternoon at four.

All that is enjoyable at Paris lies pretty well on the surface, and to any one who can use his legs and his eyes, speaks sufficiently plainly. In its gayest season it has more the appearance of a fair than a city. If pleasure be there systematised into a business, business itself seems to be carried on also with an air of pleasure; what may be the background of the picture I know not, but the foreground attractions of Paris are so immediate and striking, that the stranger, however short his stay, cannot fail to be delighted and amused. Certainly its externals are charming. For scenery, costume, and decoration in stage effect—if I may be allowed the expression—it surpasses London and all other cities. The Place de la Concorde, the Madeline, the Tuilleries, and the Louvre, make themselves known and felt as visible and noticeable objects. To what it has of the noble and beautiful in architecture, breathing room is given; none of its *Chefs d'œuvres* are suffocated or

hedged in like St. Paul's. Then the Boulevards beat Regent Street out and out for their size, convenience, and gaiety. Each night gives them the effect of an illumination; the brilliancy of the cafés and shops all along, and indeed in those of most of the principal streets, is most dazzling and picturesque. Each shop is got up like a scene, in which is not unfrequently visible a female form, even more attractive in face and costume than the counter-charms (I don't mean a pun) over which she so gracefully presides. But seek to penetrate beyond this blaze of light, go behind the scenes, and the illusion vanishes. Close and untidy rooms, or perhaps, only a single room, with few marks of care for cleanliness, or comfort, reveal the inner home of the occupants of many of those splendid *Pavillons de Commerce*. In truth their true home is in the shop; to be obliged to close that on Sundays would be to them a punishment, rather than a boon. There alone can they sit and enjoy fresh air, and see, and be seen with that freedom and advantage which every Parisian loves. It is not therefore from mercenary motives that the shops remain open on the Sabbath—and in fact, I believe

few purchases are made in them on that day. One can imagine that a legislator of the Sir Andrew Agnew class would not be very popular. The public would neither understand him, nor tolerate him.

But who does not know all about Paris? It would be impertinence to say one word more about it. We left it after a fortnight's sojourn, and by the 15th of November, just three months from the day we had quitted it, were again in London.

In the foregoing narrative, I have abstained from touching on any topics, that did not legitimately belong to the object with which it was written—viz., to convey an idea of my own impressions and feelings during my rapid tour, rather than to afford information or instruction to intending travellers. On this head the reader must consult Mr. Murray's guide books, where he will find the concentrated essence of all that the tourists have written on such matters, arranged in such a form, as to be both a literary companion and a roadside assistant. For my part, whenever I take up a book of travels, I feel myself to a certain extent defrauded if I find

the author going into a long disquisition about the history of the places he happens to visit. Because he passes a day or two at Trent, is he justified in telling me all about the Councils held there; or treating me to a sentimental rigmarole about Petrarch and Laura, because he has stopped to dine or sleep at Avignon? I have read all this before, or can read it whenever I like, without buying his book. I want to know what *he* has seen, heard, and felt, not what other people have written. It is a mixture of impertinence, and book-making that ought to be discouraged. If the public think otherwise, I can only apologise for the brevity of these pages, and will promise next time a considerable amount of cribbing from Gibbon, Hook, Eustace, Lady Morgan, Byron, Moore, &c., &c., in short, from all those approved authors, both ancient and modern, with whom it is the pride and fashion of our *dilettanti* tourists to display, in their publications, such profound and extensive acquaintance.

To Murray also I must refer the reader for any further information about hotel accommodation, travelling expenses, and so forth. His handbooks will be

found an almost unerring authority upon these points, and every English tourist is deeply indebted to them for the good effects which their publication has had in keeping the whole body of European hotelkeepers on the alert, to do their best for the traveller's comfort, and their own repute. I have a warning to give, however, which is not found in Murray—don't include in your bargain with a *voiturier*, your expences of living on the road. It saves you money, certainly, but your accommodation and fare are so different from what they are when you, and not the *voiturier*, are the paymaster, that few who have tried it once would repeat the experiment. I speak particularly of Italy; such agreements indeed are seldom made in Switzerland. At Cisterna, our first day's journey from Rome, on the Naples road, our dinner was so meagre, and the attention so reluctant, that I sent for the innkeeper, and asked him to tell me candidly if we were being treated in this way because he was paid by the *voiturier*. He admitted that it was so, excusing himself on the ground of the low price paid him, of which he told us the amount, begging, however, we would say nothing on the subject to the *voiturier*.

We found that it was hardly one third of the sum we had paid to the latter, and certainly was not enough for justice to the traveller and profit to the innkeeper. I must say, however, that we had at Cisterna the disadvantage of a cardinal and the passengers of a Diligence dining at the same time; but still the pickings of even a cardinal's repast are not altogether pleasant, and upon this occasion, did not appear to be very choice, for we had a strong suspicion that one of the dishes was buffalo, a suspicion that became confirmed, when the next day we passed large herds of those animals in the Pontine Marshes. To make sure of a decent meal in future, we made a private arrangement with the hotelkeeper, independently of the sum paid him by the voiturier.

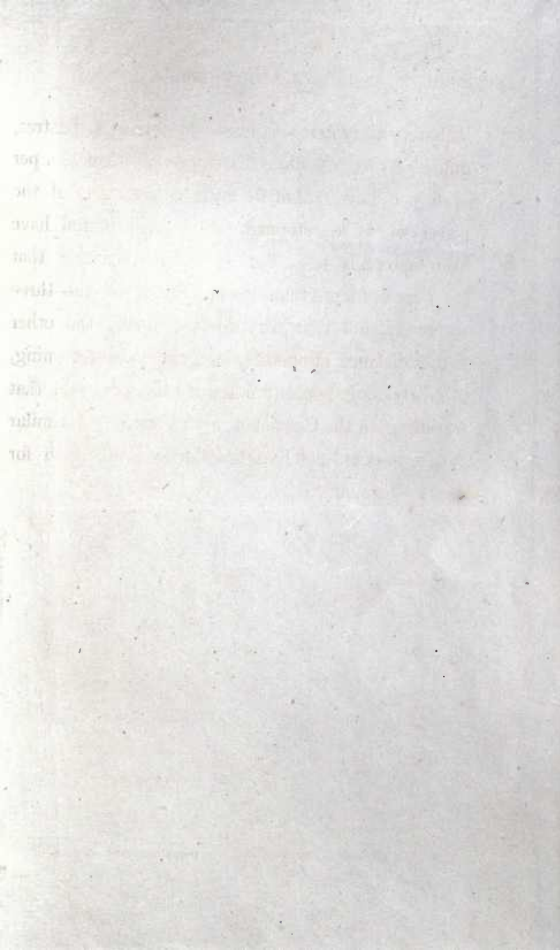
To those who may be contemplating a similar tour to that which has been described in these pages, it may not be uninteresting to know, without going into detail, something of the expense. Our party consisted of five adults, and from the period of our leaving London, on the 18th of August, until our return on the 15th of November, our expenses,

including every item—sight-seeing, carriages, theatres, guides, &c., &c.,—did not average more than 15*s.* per head per diem. Had we made a longer stay at the places where we stopped, the average would have been materially less ; but when it is considered that we were not more than one month out of the three stationary, and that we travelled during the other two, a distance altogether, on going and returning, of nearly four thousand miles, it cannot be said that travelling on the Continent is very costly. A similar excursion could not have been made in England for double the sum.

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